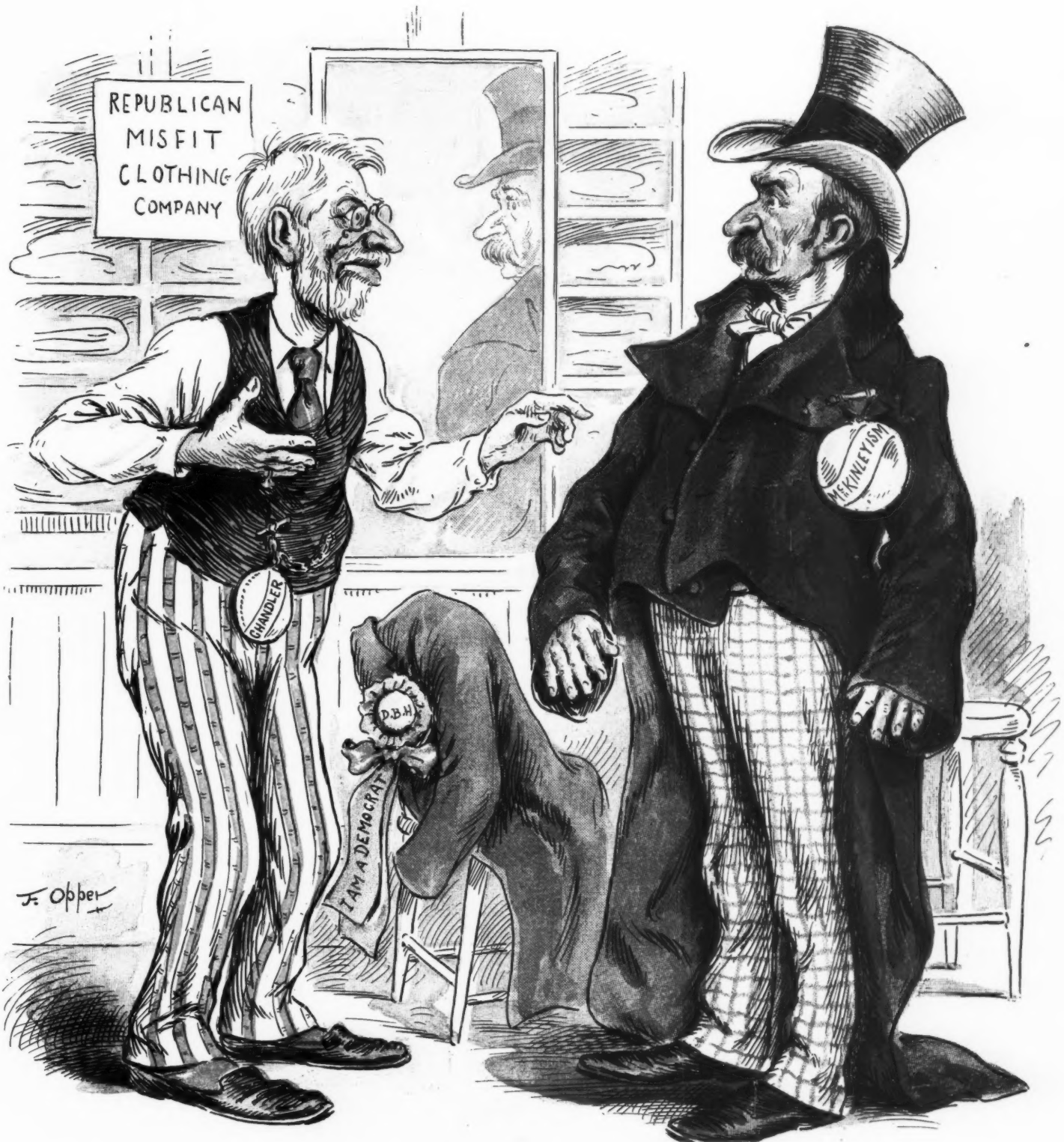


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THE NEW COAT.

MISTER CHANDLER. — Mein cracious, Meester Hill; it fits you like de paper on de vall!



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 16th, 1894. — No. 897.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEMOCRACY IN A HOLE.

THE WARRING political tribes of this country are just now enjoying a free-for-all fight compared with which the affair of the Kilkenny cats was a calm and highly decorous symposium. That the muddle is deep and far-reaching is shown by the hold which the various so-called "industrial armies" have taken upon the popular sympathy. Of themselves these armies are not impressive. For the most part they are made up of men who would much rather loaf than work, and who are glad to "march" so long as they are assured three meals a day. What is noteworthy, however, as tending to show the state of mind of the people, is the help these bands of tramps have received, and the widespread interest taken in their movements. These absurd organizations could never have made any considerable progress through the country without the ready aid which they have invariably found along their line of march. Some of this aid has undoubtedly been given them through fear that a refusal to give would be followed by the forcible taking of what was asked; but, for the most part, contributions of provisions and money have been made freely by people who felt, in sheer desperation, that no move for relief, however unlikely or absurd, should be ignored. And, since the rank and file of these "armies" are so badly muddled, it is not unfair to presume that the large number of people who have sympathized with them must be in like condition. Take the case of the man Coxey, for instance, who has, for thirty days or more, been the most advertised man in the country. Mr. Coxey was muddled enough to lead his ragged followers to the doors of a Democratic administration, and to try to say to it: "This country has been suffering for twenty-five years from vicious legislation which has made the rich richer and the poor poorer—legislation which protects idlers, speculators and gamblers." Like all reformers who achieve any prominence, Mr. Coxey has lighted upon at least one bit of glowing truth. But, like Benjamin Harrison, he goes on to reason from this faultless premise that the legislation of which he complains is bad only because it is incomplete. "We are here," he says, "to petition for legislation which will furnish employment to every man able and willing to work,—for legislation which will bring universal prosperity. We ask Congress to issue for

the Nation's good a sufficient volume of the same kind of money which carried the country through one awful war and saved the life of the Nation." Of course the fact that the Nation is still engaged in making that money good is not taken account of by Mr. Coxey. The fatal mistake Mr. Coxey made was in the time chosen for his crusade. His real sympathizers, politicians of the Benjamin Harrison stripe, are in eclipse. Mr. Coxey had no right to expect anything from an administration frankly opposed to paternalism.

Although the paternalistic or socialistic movement in this country sprung directly from and has been fostered by the Republican party, the blame for the Coxey demonstrations, and whatever damage may have resulted from them, must be placed squarely upon the shoulders of the Democratic party. Had that party's Representatives and Senators at Washington done their duty by their country and their party promptly, we should not have had "industrial armies" marching upon the capital from all points of the compass. Even had there been Coxey to march, in that event, there would have been no sympathizers to feed them on their way. As it was, the people were disgusted and wearied by the vicious course of their legislators, and they were quite ready to help along any body of men who might be able, by pleading or intimidation, to secure the relief which the country had a right to expect; and that, we are sorry to say, has come to be: *some decisive action* with reference to the customs-tariff. Of course, such a feeling is illogical and foolish;—but it is quite natural.

Men of every political sect and status, from the white-whiskered oracle who holds forth in the village forum, to the statesman really conversant with affairs, agree that the Democratic party is in a hole. It has been put there chiefly by a Senate with a spineless Democratic majority. As yet there is no good evidence that the people have charged the party with any graver offense than a failure to carry out its promise of tariff-reform. But that charge is quite grave enough; and, unless the party braces up and vindicates itself without further delay, its days of supremacy are numbered. If its present tactics are continued, it is fated to soon take up its old position of under-dog in the fight. In that event it will be apparent that the strength shown by the Democratic party in 1892 was fictitious,—that it owed its great victory to an unhappy infusion of paternalists. If, on the other hand, the Democratic Congress succeeds in harmonizing its warring factions, and in passing some sort—any sort—of a bill to modify the present tariff, it will take a step in the right direction, and we believe the tide will quickly turn in its favor. Democracy has dug with its own hands the hole into which it has fallen. If it can climb out, well and good. If it chooses to remain there, the people will put in power a party with a definite creed and the courage to stand by it. They have learned that a certainty—even a distasteful certainty—is less disastrous than any sort of an uncertainty.

FEATS OF SPEED.

PAPER MANUFACTURER.—It is now possible, sir, to cut down a growing tree and turn it into paper within twenty-four hours.

GREAT EDITOR.—That's nothing! Our dramatic man frequently has his criticisms in type before the play begins.

THE EASTERN "WILD WEST."

MISS ARIZONA (at Wild West Show).—Oh! is n't it just wonderful?

MISS NEW YORK.—It is to me; but I presumed it would be very tame to you.

MISS ARIZONA.—Oh, no, indeed! I never saw anything like it before; but then, you know, this is my first trip East, and I've always lived on a ranch!

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

FIRST BROOKLYN SUBURBANITE.—How do you get out to your place—Kings County Elevated?

SECOND DITTO.—No; I go out on the trolley cars.

FIRST B. S. (mournfully).—Well, old man; you always *were* a fatalist!

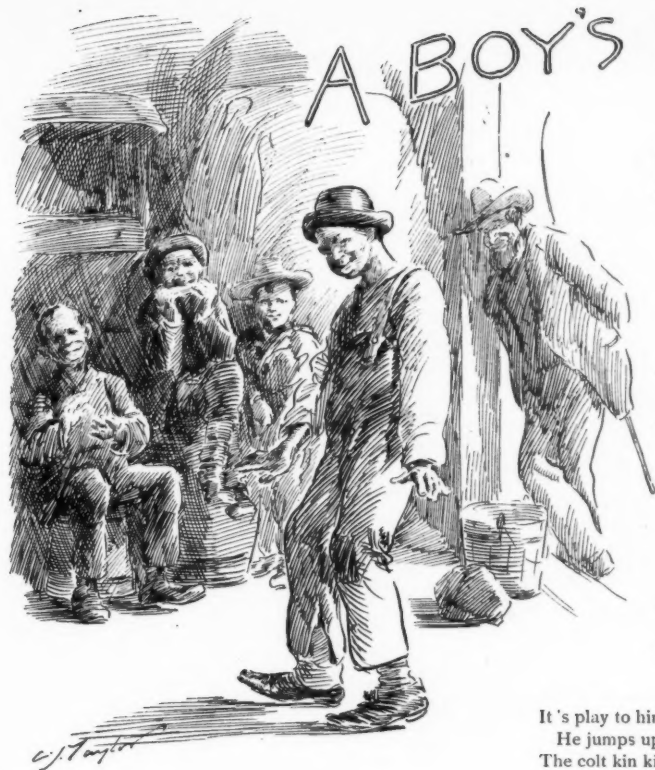
THE WAY TO GET IT.

REV. MR. GOODMAN.—Mr. Upton, I was extremely pained to learn that you had endorsed the opening of a saloon, a hot-bed of crime, in your neighborhood.

HARLIM UPTON.—Well, it was in self-defence; there had been too many robberies up there of late, and we *had* to have police protection.



THE LITTLE BULLY AND THE BIG COWARD.



A BOY'S ELYSIUM.

(JOHNNY speaks)

GEE WHIZ! I wisht that I was worth
A million! I'd be able
To own the finest thing on earth,
An' that 's Brown's liv'ry stable.

Fer there it's always cool and dark
An' smells of dogs and hosses;
An' even work 's a jolly lark,
Fer no one ever bosses.

You pitch horseshoes the whole day long
An' learn to chew terbacker,
An' jump er dance er sing a song,
An' play at snap the cracker.

An' Nigger Jack down there kin play
A mouth-harp with his nose;
I guess he must get lots of pay
Tho' he wears ragged clothes.

Fer he kin mix up medicine
When enny hoss is sick,
Er put big blisters on their skin
That cures 'em awful quick.

It's play to him to break a colt,
He jumps up on its back;
The colt kin kick, he 'll hold his holt,—
It can't throw Nigger Jack.

I'm goin' to git a brindle pup
He's got down at the stable;
He's going to learn me seven up
As soon as he is able.

An' why ain't I a-running back
This afternoon to school?
'Cause I 'll be *there*, a-watching Jack
Clip Johnson's kicking mule!

Roy L. McCardell.



SAFE THERE.

THE WIFE (*in tears*).—Lost your position just when all
our bills are coming in! Oh, this is too terrible!
We shall be dunned to death!

THE HUSBAND (*cheerily*).—No, dear; we
are beyond that annoyance. Remember,
this flat is fitted with electric bells. We
shall never know they called.

MISLED.

HUDSON.—Strange that young Rob-
inson should deny that he 's a Harvard
man! I hear he is one of their crack oarsmen.

JUDSON.—What did you ask him?

HUDSON.—I asked him if he did n't attend
Harvard University.

JUDSON.—He does n't know it by that
name. You should have said "Varsity."

THE PERFECT MAN.

MAUDE.—No, Mama, Mr. Placid
may be all you say; but life with him
would be too hum-drum, too smooth
and uneventful. I can not marry him.

MRS. LIVELY.—Why, what
could have given you such an idea
of him?

MAUDE.—Well, I saw him tran-
sact some business over the telephone,
with the usual results, and he never
even lost his temper. He is too near
a saint for me!

NOT PENNY WISE.

REBECCA.—I don't pelieve you
love me. You never think of anything
but tollars!

SILVERSTEIN (*appealingly*).—Vould
you vant a man dot vas all der time chanching
his mindt?

[I]t is seldom difficult to appear natural when you
have no desire to please.

[I]T IS BETTER to do one thing well than a hundred things indifferently;
but, if that system were logically carried out, we would all be
machines — not men.



RANK HERESY.

JESS.—Reverend Dr. Thirdly does n't officiate at Society weddings any
more; the girls have turned him down.

BESS.—Since when?

JESS.—Since his sermon on "Put not your trust in Princes."



BY H.C. BUNNER.

No. V.

MR. WICK'S AUNT. (Concluded.)

If Mr. Wilkins had not been so zealous in breaking his employer's rules in the interest of personal journalism, he would have heard the young man thus enjoined to inflict humiliating punishment upon a parent's sister, respond to this cruel counsel in these words:

"It will only make her cry more; — why, where the deuce is the brat, anyway?"

Moreover, he would have seen Mr. Beebe pilot an Irish nurse and a bundled-up baby around the rear of the train, and then jump on the platform as the cars started, with all the vigor and energy which the possession of a real mean story about a fellow human-being can impart to the most aged and stiffened limbs. But he did n't. What would become of the gossip business if those engaged in it stopped to find things out?

When Cæsar expressed a preference for being the first man in a village, over a second-fiddle job in Rome, he probably never reflected how much it would rile him if he should happen to find out that there was just as big a man in the next village who did n't know Cæsar from a cheese-cake; yet that is the poor limitation of local bigness. Great is Mr. Way in Wayback, and great is Mr. Hay in Hayville; but what is Mr. Way in Hayville, and what is Mr. Hay in Wayback? Two nothings, two casual strangers, with no credit, with no say-so, two mere chunks of humanity whose value to the community is strictly proportionate to the size of their greenback wads, and the laxity or tenacity of their several grips thereon.



At nine o'clock that night two local Caesars, in two towns but a score of miles from each other, donned the ermine of power, waved the sceptre of authority, and told their pale-faced but devoted followers that "SOMETHING had got to be done about IT."

The "IT," of course, was an "OUTRAGE" — it always is when something has got to be done about it, and the something generally means just about nothing.

In the front parlor of his large mansard-roof residence, Mr. Bodger — Mr. Theophilus Scranton Bodger, prominent manufacturer, pillar of the Church, candidate for the mayoralty, and general all around magnate and muldoon of Bunker's Mills, sat amid surroundings of much elegance, black walnut, gilt, plush and hand-painted tidies, and slapping a broad palm with a burly fist, told Mr. Stalls, Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Bodger that something had got to be done about it.

At the same moment in the Sunday school room of the Baptist Church in Ellenville South Farms Mr. Manfred Lusk Hackfeather, theological student, Sunday school superintendent, social leader and idol of the ladies in Ellenville South Farms, told six fluttering feminine things, who gazed at him in affectionate awe, that something had got to be done about it.

Mr. Bodger's business was making socks. Mr. Hackfeather may have been wearing a pair of socks of Mr. Bodger's make at that very instance, yet had he never heard of Bodger; nor did Mr. Bodger know that any part of his growing business was built up on the money of a man named Hackfeather.

To say that a party of Brooklyn people, conducted in an old-fashioned carryall, by an elderly woman of austere demeanor, entered the deep pine wood in a chilled twilight of early Spring certainly ought to convey an impression of gloom. And certainly gloom of the deepest enshrouded the beginning of that ride. Diligent inquiry elicited from the elderly woman that she was, as the Wicks supposed, Miss Hipsy, the care taker; that she had received their

telegram, or she would n't have been there nohow; that she had had a contract with the late owner of the premises; that she had lived up to it, whatever other people hed or hed n't done; that what she had done she would do, and that if she was not satisfactory to other parties, or if other parties was not satisfactory to her, which was most likely to be the case, she was willin', as far as she was concerned, to take herself off just as soon as she could; that she thanked Providence she had folks in Ellenville she could go to, as respectable as some, that she could go to and no obligations to nobody, and that she was not aware that her contract called for no general conversation.

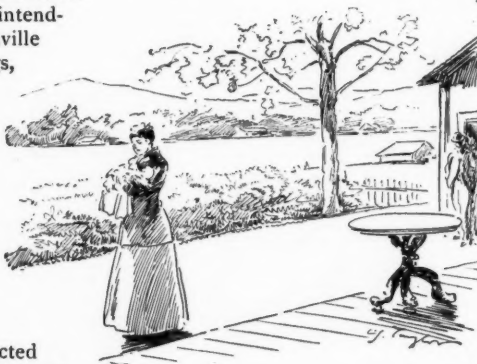


Now this extremely discouraging way and manner of Miss Hipsy's was entirely general and impersonal, like dampness or a close smell in a long unused house. Congenitally sub-acid, a failure to accomplish any sort of an early or late love affair had completely soured her, and many years of solitude had put a gray-green coating of mildew over her moral nature. But the Wicks did not know this, and, remembering their peculiar position, it made them feel extremely uncomfortable.

But the moon came out in the soft Spring sky, and the mists of the evening rolled away, and a great silvery radiance wrapped the cathedral-like spires and pinnacles of the broad spreading pine forest, and, after awhile, the rough corduroy road grew smoother, and the baby stopped crying and went to sleep, and they were all, except Miss Hipsy, beginning to nod off just a little when the wheels crunched on a driveway of white pebbles, and they looked up to see a spacious low building standing out back against the sky, except where a half a dozen brightly lit windows winked at them like friendly eyes.

This was the bungalow, and here they found a sportsman's supper of cold meat and ale awaiting them. Miss Hipsy told them, by way of leaving no doubt of the unfriendliness of her intentions, that this refectory was provided for in the contract. So, also, must have been the deliciously soft beds in which they were presently all fast asleep, even to the baby. And when a traveling baby will sleep, anybody else can.

In the morning the elder Wicks opened their eyes on a world of wonderment and bewilderment. They found themselves living in a well-appointed and commodious clubhouse, on the banks of a broad and beautiful lake, across which other similar structures with pretty, low, peaked roofs looked at them in neighborly fashion from the other side. Mrs. Wick said that it was too nice for anything.



There was nothing mysterious about the surprise which the Wicks had found awaiting them. Sportsmen have a habit of referring to their possessions in a depreciatory way. They call a comfortable clubhouse a "box" or a "bungalow" or a "shack," and they make nothing of calling a costly hotel a "camp." Indeed, they seem to try to impart a factitious flavor of prophanity by christening such structures, whenever they can, "Middle Dam Camp" or "Upper Dam Camp." And since Mrs. Wick's father's club had died out, the further side of Jericho pond had become a fashionable resort, maintaining two or three Winter and Summer Sanitariums.

Thanks to the contract, they made an excellent breakfast, and their praises of the fare mollified Miss Hipsy to some slight extent. Then they remembered the baby, and after some search they found the Irish nurse walking it up and down on a broad sunny terrace at the back of the house. Below stretched an old-fashioned garden, full of homely, pleasant flowers

MADE HIM FEEL BAD.

BROWN.—No, sir; I don't think they'll ever succeed in navigating the air.

JONES.—Oh, don't say anything like that!

BROWN.—What's the matter? Does it concern you particularly?

JONES.—I live in Harlem, and there are thousands of us up there who regard those air machines as our main hope of Rapid Transit!

THE SCOTCH IDEA OF IT.

LUMLEY.—I saw you at the minstrels last night. How could you sit and laugh so hearty at such awfully old jokes?

MACGREGOR.—Mon, mon! How could one laugh at all unless he knew it *was* a joke?

A COON'S COMPARISON.

"You 'se fair as a lily, Dinah,"

Said the coon in the twilight stilly;

And when she frowned he added quick:

"As fair as a tiger lily."



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A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

MR. HOCKSTEIN (after the departure of the last guest).—Oh, Rachel, Rachel! vat a pity ve did n't marry twenty-five years younger dan ve didt!

MRS. HOCKSTEIN (surprised).—Vy so, Isaac?

MR. HOCKSTEIN.—Look at der beautiful bresents; undt, choost to t'ink, t'ey might haf been goldt!

PLAUSIBLE AT ALL HAZARDS.

CICERONE.—Yes, sir; yes, sir; nearly every house about here is a place of historical interest.

VISITOR.—So it seems. I suppose that bar-room yonder was something or other, was n't it?

CICERONE.—Yes, indeed, sir! *That* was Washington's Headquarters after crossing the Delaware.

ONE WAY.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Where's our foreign letter?

CITY EDITOR.—I'm just going to send the boy up to Mrs. Hasher's boarding-house to get the copy.

MANAGING EDITOR.—All right! Tell him to come back on the Broadway road with it. I want it headed, "By Cable."

NEITHER AJAX nor any other man ever defied *Jersey* lightning with impunity.

MANY A MAN who can't read without spectacles, fancies his gaze pierces Infinity if he chances to cast his eyes Heavenward.



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"— AS OTHERS SEE US."

THE THIN ONE.—Gosh! but that feller draws funny faces.

THE FAT ONE.—Yes; he does; but you never see such faces in real life.

'T WOULD BE FINE.

MILTON.—It would be just fine, Aunt, if the bread-fruit tree had all kinds of fruit growing on it!

AUNTY.—Why, Milton?

MILTON.—Why, because then it would be a regular fruit-cake tree!

STORMY.

The lightning flashed, the lightning crashed,
The skies were rent asunder,
With shriek and wail loud blew the gale,
And then it rained like thunder!

R. L. M.



EXHIBITION

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INDULGENT RELATIVES.

BROWN (meeting friend on highway).—Let me introduce you to my wife and my two brothers and my sister-in-law and mother-in-law. We are going to take Johnny to the circus. You know, the little fellows do so love a circus.

and simples just beginning to show their buds to the tempting month of May.

The scene was so pleasant that Mr. and Mrs. Wick started out for a walk, and the walk was so pleasant that they prolonged it, — prolonged it until they reached the settlement on the other side of the lake, and the people there were so pleasant that they staid to dinner at a club, and did not get back till nearly supper-time.

You will please observe that, as far as the members of the Wick family are concerned, they stand as clear at this point as they did when we got them down to bed-rock level, on the tenth of April, eighteen hundred and tumty-tum. Their ways have been ways of pleasantness, and their paths have been paths of peace. The two Wicks we are dealing with, like all the other Wicks, have kept their engagements and filled their contract. They have minded their own business and nobody else's. They are, in fact, all straight on the record.

But now we have to recount the fortunes of two social reformers, and it is hard for a reformer to keep straight on the record. Whether they have a genuine reform on their hands, like Martin Luther or the Abolitionists, or whether they are like Mr. Harold Kettledrum Monocle, of New York, who thinks that the Mayor of that city ought to be elected by Harvard College, they are all likely to have what one might call a mote-and-beam sort of time with their neighbors.

Thus did it happen with Mr. Bodger of Bunker's Mills, and with Mr. Hackfeather of Ellenville South Farms, who both found their way to Jericho Pond that pleasant afternoon, the theological student a little in advance of the business man. Mr. Hackfeather came to rebuke a shocking case of impropriety in two so young; Mr. Bodger came to express the sentiment of society at large toward a man who would inflict corporal chastisement on a lady.

Terrible as with an army with banners, and consumed with the fire of righteousness, Mr. Hackfeather bore down on the old-fashioned garden at the back of the bungalow, in the full glory of the Spring afternoon. As to his outer person, he was attired in a long, black diagonal frock coat, worn unbuttoned, and so well worn that its flaps waved in the wind with all the easy grace of a linen duster. Trousers of the kind that chorus together: "We are pants," adorned his long, thin but heavily-kneed legs. A shoe-string necktie, a low cut waistcoat, and a whole-souled, oh-be-joyful shirtfront added to this simple but harmonious effect, and his last year's straw hat had a mellow tone against the pale Springtime greens. He tackled Miss Hipsy (who had so far relented from her austerity as to take the baby while the nurse got dinner,) in that old-fashioned garden; and the benign influences of budding nature had no effect whatever upon his pious wrath. He pointed out the discrepancy in the dates of the vital statistics of the Wick family, and he told Miss Hipsy that she was the servant of sin, (who had been a respectable woman for forty-three years, and if some as ought to know better said it was forty-seven there was no truth in it,) that she was the slave of iniquity and abettor of sin, (and if them she knowed of, one leastways, was alive to-day she would not be insulted,) that the demon vice should not rear its hideous head in that unpolluted community, (and she was n't rarin' no heads, but she could go to them she knowed of as could rare their heads as high as him or any of his friends,) and that even if he, Mr. Hackfeather, had to face all the minions of Satan, and all the retinue of the Scarlet Woman, he would purify the stain or die in the attempt. Mr. Hackfeather's allusion to the Lady of Babylon probably was born of a mixed condition of mind, and a

desire to use forcible language. It did not seem clear to him and it did not seem clear to Miss Hipsy either. She said she was no such a thing, and never expected to live to see the day she would be so called, especially at her time of life. And, tearful and vociferous, Miss Hipsy marched back to the bungalow, delivered over the baby to the Irish nurse, packed her little old hair trunk with the round top, dragged it down herself to the lake-front dock, and there sat on it in stern grandeur until the afternoon boat came down the lake and took her to Ellenville, presumably to the sheltering arms of them that she knowed of.

Meanwhile, a thing she did not know of was happening on the other side of the house in that same old-fashioned garden. Mr. Bodger accompanied by Mr. Stalls and Mr. Wilkins, had arrived from Bunker's Mills to interview the new arrival in the county, whose latitude in administering corporal punishment had aroused the indignation of every humane heart that had been made acquainted with the station master's story. Mr. Bodger saw the departure of the weeping woman of elderly aspect, he heard her wails, and he saw their cause in a strange young man. This was all the evidence that he wanted. Mr. Bodger made no inquiries into identity or relationship. He weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, he had three men behind him, and he fell upon Mr. Hackfeather as the cyclone falls upon the chicken-coop.

The consequences of these two meetings were so far reaching, extending to warrants of arrest, counter charges, civil suits and much civiler compromises, that it was July before the ladies of the Bodger and Hackfeather families picked up their threads of social intercourse, which were knotted only at one point. To both of them it occurred on a fine Summer's day to call on the new comers at the old bungalow by way of seeing whether the innocent causes of so much dire mischief knew anything about the agitation they had caused.

As the train from Bunker's Mills met the boat from Ellenville, Mr. Bodger's wife and Mr. Hackfeather's mother arrived at the same time, and, sitting in the sunny reception room of the bungalow, glared at each other in chilly and silent hostility, while poor, innocent little Mrs. Wick, much troubled by their strange behavior, tried to talk to both of them at once, and rattled away in her embarrassment until she had talked a great deal more than she had meant to. She told them all the story of Beatrice Brighton Wick, and the will, and the hurried flight to Jericho, and at their surprise at finding Jericho Pond with its Summer and Winter colony so delightful a place that they hardly felt as if they could tear themselves away from it when the four years were up. And she told them that both she and Mr. Wick had thought it might be quite awkward for so newly married a couple to be traveling with a six month's old baby, and that baby Mr. Wick's aunt.

"But, do you know," she said, "we must have been over-sensitive about it, for we never had the first least little bit of trouble. Indeed, the only mishap we had was the other way. The old woman who was in charge of the place here left us suddenly the first day without a word of warning. I could n't make out why she was dissatisfied, but my nurse, Nora, told me that she thought that Miss Hipsy thought that the baby was too young. Some people have such an objection to young babies, you know. However, it did n't the least bit matter, for Nora turned out to be a very good cook, and I took the baby. I wanted to learn, you know."

THEIR COMMON FATE.

When o'er the hills the Summer girl
Comes with her wealth of bravery on,
Like men who see her so arrayed,
The Spring will be completely gone.

THE KIND of music that's hard to face is that
of the average *fin de siècle* comic opera.

CLEANLINESS MAY be next to Godliness; but
it is the washing, not the wearing, that
turns a shirt to tatters.

AN ALL-AROUND PERFORMER.

MANAGER.—We want a good, all-around
comedian that can double in brass — play in the
band, you know! Had any experience?

APPLICANT.—I used to be a photographer,
— children a specialty, and —

MANAGER (*interrupting*).—You'll do!

A TRYING SITUATION — The Cloak Model's.

LOVE MAKES the world go round; even di-
vorces are not always on the square.

A SMALL BOY'S THOUGHT.

The moon is growing very thin,
Though beautiful and white —
I think it needs a little oil
To give a better light.

COURTLAND STREET is just the continuation
of Maiden Lane.

THERE IS plenty of room at the top; but there
is n't enough for one-tenth of the people
who think they ought to be there.





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NOT SATISFACTORY.

DOMESTIC.—How much do you pay, Mum?

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—I'll pay you what you are worth.

DOMESTIC.—I don't work fer no starvation wages. Good-day, Mum!

THE PRELIMINARY SYMPTOMS.

KANE.—That beautiful Mrs. Upperten is going on the stage.

ABEL.—Indeed! When did she begin her suit?

CULTURE RAMPANT.

MISS LAKESIDE.—Over there is the *bovina peristyle*.

VISITOR.—What is that?"

MISS LAKESIDE.—The entrance to the stock-yards, of course!



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A WONDROUS GIFT.

LITTLE SARATOGA.—Poppy, what is a ventriloquist?

UNCLE RASMUS.—Chile, I'se s'prised at yo' ignorunce. A ventriloquist is one o' dem folks wot goes into trances an' tells yo' fo'chins.

TWO SIGNS.

Now, while the breezes blossom-laden blow
 From the gold coverts of May's pleasant shore,
 And birds pipe in the odorous afterglow,
 And on the street the German band once more
 Discourses strains that waken dreams of yore,
 We note a change of signs that makes us gay—
 The absence of this legend: "Shut the door!"
 And in its stead: "After the 12th of May
 This store will close at noon on Saturday."

R. K. M.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Somebody asked "Who's there?"

SECOND BURGLAR.—Keep still and we're all right.

FIRST BURGLAR.—I dunno. These new Reed rules make me feel shaky.



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AGITATED.

ALGY.—I was neahly wun ovah by a cable-car this afternoon.

CHOLLY.—That was an exciting expewience!

ALGY.—Exciting? I neahly dwopped me English accent!

THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."

MCNULTY (*just arrived*).—And phwat's thot?

OFFICER O'FLANNIGAN.—Faith, but ye're ignorant. Thot's glorious old Tammany, holdin' her club over the city.

A NEW LEAF.

SMITH.—I'm going to give up poker. Can't afford it. Dropped fifty dollars last Saturday; and I tell you I've been short as a pie-crust since.

ROBINSON.—Is that so?

SMITH.—Yes; and the worst of it is, I've had three sure tips on the races and could n't play 'em.

PEFFER STOOD upon the floor,
 Whence all but him had fled,
 Till nine and thirty pages of
 The Record he had said.

A WRATHFUL ANSWER turneth away short people.





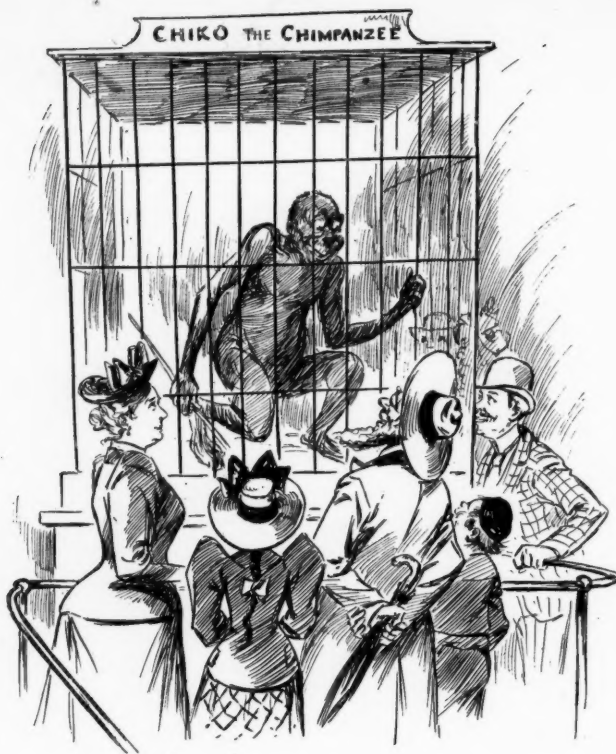
C. J. Taylor

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY
UNCLE SAM.— Well, you're a nice fellow, but I do



LOVE MY DOG."
but I don't keer fer yer pet!

"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."



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IN THE ZOO.



IN THE JUNGLE.

FROM THE HAWVILLE "CLARION."

It has become our painful duty to chronicle the death of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, John S. Youman, better known as "E Pluribus" Youman.

He was a man of contemplative and philosophical bent, possessed of many and varied accomplishments, and endowed with a broad and comprehensive intellectuality. Acquaintance with him proved that there was hardly a subject that could be introduced with which he was not thoroughly familiar. He understood the methods by which planets and other celestial bodies are weighed, and their distances from each other and the earth, estimated; he knew how to detect the incipient symptoms of appendicitis, and was an infallible authority on mushroom culture. He could explain the theory and fundamental principles of Theosophy so clearly that

even the ordinary layman could comprehend them, and he was the only man in our city who knew how to bore a square hole with a common auger. He had all manners of statistics at his fingers' ends. He could repeat the Chinese alphabet forward and backward, explain the theory of Symmes's Hole, and extract a polypus from the nose almost without pain. In fact, Mr. Youman was a veritable storehouse or mine of information, facts and statistics. He died last Tuesday from the effects of exposure during the recent cold snap. He participated in the Grand Opening of the Dew Drop Inn, next door to Slade & Potter's Coffin Parlors, and lost his way while returning home sometime during the night, wandered out onto the prairie and was not discovered till late the following afternoon. The widow wishes us to announce that she will continue to take in washing and ironing at her residence.



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"WEIGHING HIS WORDS."

PASSING AROUND THE HAT — Buying a Seat in the Front Row.

IT FREQUENTLY happens that the fire of genius has difficulty in making the pot boil.

THE PART of a man's salary that he usually does n't spend is the part he would receive if he were getting what he is worth.

WHEN YOU undertake to fight the devil with fire don't forget to take into consideration the amount of ammunition he has.

THE PEACE-MAKER is a commendable character, but he is not esteemed by the fellow who is getting the best of the fight.



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A JOKE ON CLANCY.

MRS. McLUBBERTY. — Howly powers, Murty! Phwat 's dhe matther? McLUBBERTY (whose head is battered). — Oi hov a foina joke on Clancy! Bedad, he laid for Harrity in a dark alley wid a bit av a cudgel, and whin Oi kem by he mistook me for Harrity, d' ye moind, and knocked me sinseless wid wan blow. Begorra, yez niver saw a mon look so badly sold in all yer loife, whin he dishcovered moy oidinty!



A CONSIDERATE MAN.

Mr. Glockenspiel, the retired Brewer, is learning to play the Bass Tuba; but not wishing to annoy his neighbors, he plays into this receiver—

— and the sound is carried out of hearing distance by means of this immense chimney.

FINDING FAME AS ADVERTISED.

TRACEY.—Windle's bicycle trip around the world has made him famous. The papers are full of it.

STACEY.—Yes; he wore "Jiggins's Underwear," "Hedman's Hats," "Broganne's Shoes," rode only the "Uncle Sam Bicycle," used "Bear's Soap," and took "Hundred Doses for a Dollar" in every clime.

FROM THE bosom of the poet
There wells a glad some note;
If he has the luck to sell it,
It goes back down his throat.



HOLDING HER OWN.

MISS ANN TEAK.—Why don't you come to our Woman's Emancipation meetings any more? Come to-night. Miss Oldgurl is going to read a lovely paper on "The Tyranny of Men."

MRS. HENRY PECK.—Yes; and give my husband a chance to slip off to the smoking concert his club holds this evening? Not much!

A BALL OF FIRE.—A Drink of Jersey Lightning.

HOTEL TRAYMORE.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Leading all the year Resort.

INTENSELY REAL-
ISTIC.
RAULIN.—One fea-
ture of Stine's sing-
ing is his wonderful
realism.
LOBER.—Yes; you
can almost see the
crack in his voice.—
Truth.

PUCK'S
LIBRARY
No. 83.
Just
Out.

All
Dealers.
10c.

WHEN a man makes
a religion he tries to
make one that will let
him stay mean and
still respect himself.—
Ram's Horn.
WHEN the devil goes
to church he does not
always sit on a back
seat.—Ram's Horn.

YOU WILL LIKE IT,
EVERYBODY LIKES IT
THAT TRIES IT.
MAIL * POUCH.
THE FAVORITE CHEW AND SMOKE.
NICOTINE, THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE, NEUTRALIZED.
ANTI-NERVOUS;
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.



Flesh

means strength to with-
stand chronic ailments,
coughs, colds and disease.
Sound flesh is essential to
health.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil,
enriches the blood, builds
up flesh and fortifies the
system against sickness and
chronic ailments. Physicians,
the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

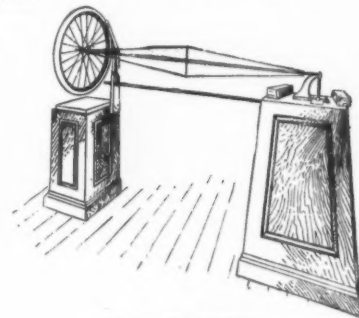
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

WHEN NAPOLEON gave an elaborate banquet at Ver-
sailles it was always topped off by
a Marie Brizard & Roger Cordial. They are still on
sale and the quality never changes.
T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

The Victor Pneumatic Tire.

Is the most resilient tire made. This has been
proved by practical tests on the Victor Resiliometer—
the only machine ever invented for testing the resi-
liency of tires.

At the New York cycle show, 1894, no other tire
registered as many bounds as the Victor Pneumatic
Tire.



VICTOR RESILIOMETER.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, not in
chewing the strings. Wherever tested, Victor Bicycles
easily prove themselves the leaders.

Why not ride the best?

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. PHILADELPHIA. DETROIT.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. DENVER.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Tigoral invigorates!
Served at all Fountains and Buffets.
Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

CANDY
Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for
a superb box of candy by ex-
press, prepaid, east of Denver
or west of New York. Suitable
for presents. Sample orders
solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St. Chicago.



PACKER'S TAR SOAP is undoubtedly
the best Shampooing agent known. It
does not dry the hair, but makes it soft
and glossy; and is refreshing and bene-
ficial to the hair and skin. Physicians
order its use in treatment of Dandruff,
Baldness, and Skin Diseases.



It will wind up the line a
hundred times as fast as any
other reel in the world. It
will wind up the line slowly.
No fish can ever
get slack line with
it. It will save
more fish than
any other reel.
Manipulated en-
tirely by the hand
that holds the rod
SEND FOR CAT-
ALOGUE.
YAWMAN & ERBE,
Rochester, N. Y.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why It Falls Out, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. S., London.
D. K. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—Athenaeum.

FOR BEAUTY

For comfort, for improvement of the complexion,
use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing
equal to it.

A MAN is always a bachelor until he gets married, and then he is anything his wife chooses to call him; and she usually does. — *Texas Siftings.*

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—
S-O-H-M-E-R.



**General
Arthur
Cigar.**

**SUITS ALL
MANKIND.**

**ON SALE ALL
OVER THE
UNITED STATES.**

**KERBS,
WERTHEIM,
& SCHIFFER,
Manufacturers,
NEW YORK.**

Send 2-cent stamp for our novel Cigar Folder.
TO SMOKERS.

Ask your dealer for the GENERAL ARTHUR Cigar; should he not keep them, we will send you a sample box of ten "General Arthur" Cigars on receipt of \$1.00 by registered mail.

DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
**Wilson's Common-Sense
Ear Drums.**
New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Mention Puck. LOUISVILLE, Ky.

**"CANADIAN
CLUB"
WHISKY**
Distilled and bottled by
HIRAM WALKER & SONS,
LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA.

The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. Canadian Club Whisky is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from the local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

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CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
America's Favorite **TEN-CENT CIGAR.** For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency" — World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS \$225,000.
NEW FEATURES, TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
62 & 64 WILLIAM ST NEW YORK

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



ONE OF MANY.
Adown the dusty road he goes,
Yet still his heart is merry,
Nought of toil or care he knows,
Blithesome, wand'ring Jerry.
For now he's fitted as a Lord,
With fame each step's attended;
Gleeful gets he bed and board
Till his journey's ended.
He gets ice-cream with every meal;
For tramp life's jolly fun,
To "the nucleus of a Commonweal
En route to Washington!"
Roy L. McCardell.

COLD AND DISTANT — The North Pole. — *Truth.*
To a mule's ears a mule's voice is always music. — *Ram's Horn.*

THE Boston Garter
for gentlemen is the only satisfactory garter, as it automatically adjusts itself to any size of leg and does not bind.
It is sold by men's outfitters everywhere.
Ask for the genuine **BOSTON GARTER** and be sure you get it.
**MADE BY
George Frost Company,
Boston.**

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

A Crystal of Sugar magnified 400 times. Absolutely Pure. Last year J. P. Primley used over 640,000 pounds of granulated sugar to sweeten his **California Fruit Chewing Gum**, the purest Chewing Gum made. Insist on PRIMLEY's and refuse all substitutes.
Send 5 outside wrappers of either **California Fruit** or **Primley's Pepsin Chewing Gum**, with two 2 cent stamps, and we will send you "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," by H. Rider Haggard, or any other one of our 1,700 fine books. Send for list.
J. P. PRIMLEY, Chicago.

APROPOS.
"Oh, it's going to be a good play! — just abounds in situations. But I have n't found a name to suit me yet."
"You might call it the Intelligence Office." — *Truth.*

"THE MOST WONDERFUL AMERICAN WATER"
HEALTH, PLEASURE AND LENGTH OF DAYS IN
Dondonderry
Sparkling Delicious.
Charles H. Perkins & Co.,
Selling Agents,
36 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

NONE OF THE FIRST WATER.
FIRST WAVE. — Will you dance with me?
SECOND WAVE. — No. Only the rougher elements are out to-day. — *Truth.*

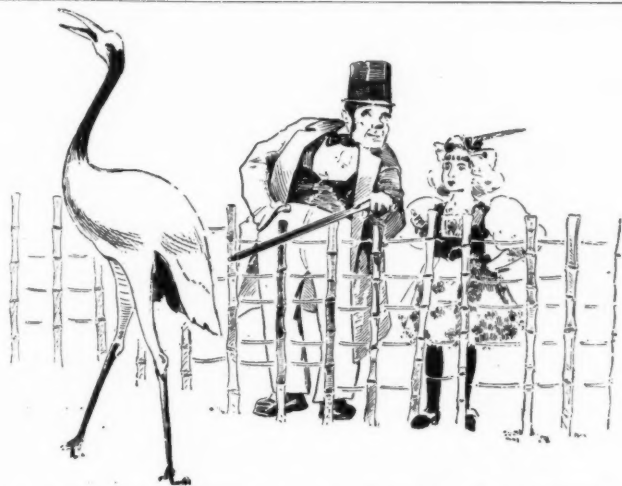
Marry Your Trousers
to the **CHESTER** MARK.
and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.
THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz:—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord. **CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.**
AGENTS We guarantee \$5 per day easy, quick and sure to workers. Great seller. Write quick. Royal Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THINK 2 THINKS
IN CHOOSING DRINKS AND
HIRES' Rootbeer
WILL LINK YOUR THINKS.
Deliciously Exhilarating, Sparkling, Effervescent. Wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate. Ask your store-keeper for it. Get the Genuine.
Send 2 cent stamp for beautiful picture cards and book.
THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.

Triumph in Photography
Completion of C and D
TROKONETS.

Glass plates or cut sheet film.
\$15 to \$35.
Catalogue free.
Sold by all photo-supply dealers or the manufacturers,
THE PHOTO-MATERIALS CO., Rochester, N. Y.
HIGHEST HONORS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

FOR STEADY NERVES AND GOOD SLEEP, USE
BROMO-SELTZER.
ALSO CURES ALL HEADACHES. TRIAL BOTTLE, 10c.
For Sale on all Trains by Union News Company's Agents.



A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.
MR. ROONEY.—Annie, ye've bin to school, pwhat kind av a duck is that?
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.—That's not a duck, Paw; that's a Venetian hin.
The back yards in Venice is flooded, and they build the hins that way so they can git their pickin' in the wather.

Don't Diet.—If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, habitual constipation or sick headache, don't diet. You need the strength that good food gives. Eat whatever you want, but take one of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills after meals until cured. If you are constipated get bottle with white label, otherwise with yellow. For sale by druggists generally, and by Dr. J. A. Deane Co., Kingston, N. Y.

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WATCH CAMERA
FOR BICYCLISTS, TOURISTS, SPORTSMEN, EVERYBODY.
A POCKET WONDER.
Six snap-shots or time exposures without reloading. Can be recharged in open daylight. With films for 36 exposures and full instructions by express, \$2.50.
Magic Introduction Co., 321 B'way, N. Y.
Send stamp for illustrated booklet and catalogue of specialties. Photoret photo free if you mention this publication.

THE PARADOXICAL PEACH.
It was the merry peach crop
That warbled forth the song
"The more that I am ruined
The better I get along."
Washington Star.
COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."
WATCHES Do you want a "Jules Jurgensen" watch at one-half the original cost? Good as new. The only correct Timers. Address J. H. T., P. O. Box 519, New York City.

Q. U. FAT FOLKS.
Gradual reduction, safe and lasting results guaranteed; advice free. PROF. X. DYX, New York City.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.
CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper. ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

THERE is that in a woman's disposition that induces her to give anything she has to the poor, providing they will use it her way.—*Atchison Globe.*

A Late Breakfast is often caused by a late milkman. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



"The next time I buy a Shaving Stick it will be WILLIAMS"

Why?—Where?

Because it costs no more than any other—but is better in every way—

Better Soap!—as the lather is thick, rich and creamy, and never dries on the face.

Better Case!—the only perfect Shaving Stick Case. Strong—beautiful—the glove-fitting cover never comes off in the satchel—the box never breaks—never leaks—and preserves the full strength and delicacy of the soap's fragrance.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

is now sold in nearly every English speaking country in the world. Enough sold last year (1893) to shave over 20 MILLION men.

Don't take some other kind. If your Druggist does not have WILLIAMS'—insist that he get it for you, or send 25c. in stamps and procure it—post-paid—direct from us.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, Ct., U. S. A.

(ESTABLISHED 1840—and in the Shaving Soap business every day for over half a century.)

Lovely Complexion.



Pure, Soft, White Skin.

Have you freckles, moth, black-heads, blotches, ugly or muddy skin, eczema, tetter, or any other cutaneous blemish? Do you want a quick, permanent and absolutely infallible cure, FREE OF COST to introduce it? Something new, pure, mild and so harmless a child can use or drink it with perfect safety. If so, send your full Post-office address to
MISS MAGGIE E. MILETTE, 134 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

The use of BOKER'S BITTERS excites the appetite, cures dyspepsia, and prevents colic.

WHITE ROSE
TRADE MARK
GLYCERINE-SOAP

Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unexcelled. Ask your dealer for these goods.
SOLE U. S. AGENTS,
MÜLHENS & KROPPF, New York.

A WOMAN'S idea of loyalty is to loan her best silverware to a neighbor who is giving a party, and say nothing when she hears it praised.—*Atchison Globe.*

Pointed Testimony

"Your sample of Calisaya La Rilla has met with my approval. I enclose check, for which you will please send me more of this cordial, all for my personal use."

M. D.

This is a copy of one of many similar letters. All equally brief, but full of meaning.



ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

Beauty and Purity

Go hand in hand.
They are the foundation
of health and happi-
ness.
Health, because of pure
blood;
Happiness, because of
clear skin.
Thousands of useful lives
have been embittered
by distressing humors.
CUTICURA RESOLVENT
is the greatest of skin purifiers
As well as blood purifiers.
Because of its peculiar action on the pores
It is successful in preventing
And curing all forms of
Skin, Scalp, and Blood humors,
When the best physicians fail.
Entirely vegetable, safe, and palatable,
It especially appeals to mothers and children,
Because it acts so gently yet effectively
Upon the skin and blood, as well as the
Liver, kidneys, and bowels.
Its use during the winter and spring
Insures a clear skin and pure blood,
As well as sound bodily health.

Sold everywhere. Price: RESOLVENT, \$1;
OINTMENT, 50c.; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG
AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Skin and Blood Humors," free.

BUY A BICYCLE
with a reputation
"AND YOU RUN NO RISK."

RAMBLER BICYCLES

ARE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.
EACH ONE GUARANTEED.
Catalogue free at Rambler Agencies or
by mail for two 2-cent stamps.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

NICOTINIZED NERVES.

Millions of America's men day after
day feed their nerves with tobacco,
until the nerves become nicotized,
and the blood tobacco-tainted, then
the NERVES creep and crave for more
tobacco. That's called a habit. But it's
a disease, and in all this world the only
guaranteed cure, is

NO-TO-BAC

because it acts directly on the nerve
centres, destroying the nerve craving
effects, and builds up and improves the
entire nervous system. Makes **WEAK
MEN STRONG.** Many report a gain of
ten pounds in ten days. You run no
physical or financial risk. **NO-TO-BAC**
sold under

OUR GUARANTEE

PUBLISHER'S
We, the publish-
ers of this paper,
know the S. R. Co.
to be reliable and
do as they agree.
This we
GUARANTEE.
To-Bac, you will find that it is to you

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Book called "Don't Tobacco Spit and
Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the
asking. Buy No-To-Bac from druggist or
mailed for price. Address: THE STERLING
REMEDY CO., Chicago Office, 45 Randolph
St.; New York Office, 10 Spruce St.; Labo-
ratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. (10)

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St. } NEW YORK.
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., }

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND
METAL POLISH.

Best and cheapest. 1-pound box 25 cents at dealers.
G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 285 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 CENTS.

HIS FIRST BIBLE LESSON.

TEACHER.—James,
who made you?
JAMES.—Aw, git
out! You can't guy
me; I ain't no Indian
cigar sign! I was
born in de Sixt'
Ward, an me name
ain't James, neider, I
jist give you de tip.
Me name's Chimmy.
See?—Truth.

A SCIENTIFIC jour-
nal tells how to pre-
vent hiccup. An-
other good way is to
abstain from going out
between the acts. —
Texas Siftings.

ALL the ballots in
the world will not give
a woman the right to
put her feet on the
table until the styles
change in her dress.
—*Atchison Globe.*



C. H. Evans & Sons'
Ales and Stout,
at the
Midwinter Fair,
San Francisco.
The leading brand
in all first-class
Restaurants and
Cafés.
Two Awards
World's Fair.

Pacific Coast Agents,
Sherwood & Sherwood.



TO A CRYING CUPID.

He weeps in the embowered hall,
Poor-Love-among-the-Roses;
For he hath shot his arrows all
Fruitlessly, he supposes.

Oh, Cupid, after all these years
Have you no wiser grown?
Love likes not crowds; come, dry your tears,
And wait till they're alone.

R. L. M.

WHERE SUMMER BREEZES BLOW.

Would you fly if you could
To a glen in the wood,
To a spot in the shade
That nature hath made;
Rich with ferns and wild flowers,
One of nature's fair bowers?

What is life to the soul
If to labor is all?
What a joy to the heart
When for rest we depart
To the woods and the dells.

Does your heart cry for rest
In a place that is blest,
With no shadow or sorrow
Nor care for the morrow?

If so, send your address for a list of "SUMMER TOURS," pub-
lished by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Geo. H.
Hearford, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by samples to the
wholesale and retail trade, sell
on sight to every business man or firm, liberal salary, money
advanced for advertising and expenses. Permanent position.
Address with stamp, KING MFG. CO., C54 Chicago, Ill.



WHEELING is the Popular Sport of the Day.

Better than gymnasium exer-
cise because in open air, and
pleasanter than walking because
more exhilarating.

A Columbia Bicycle

is as enjoyable as a good horse, and much less
expensive. Riders of Columbias
are never ashamed of their mounts,
because they ride the standard
wheels of the world, representing
all that is best in bicycle con-
struction.

Our illustrated catalogue will tell you all about Columbias. It is free
at our agencies, or we mail it for two 2-cent stamps.

Ride a Columbia

POPE MFG. CO.,
Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

DOWNTOWN DEPOT
SUBURBAN, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

Hotel Brunswick

The Leading Havana Cigar
OF THE UNITED STATES.
Stands without a rival. Equally to any im-
ported cigar. We prefer you should buy of
your dealer. If he does not keep them, send
\$1.00 for sample box of ten to
JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO.,
168th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y. City.
Send money by registered mail.

PRICE.

It came to pass that
a poet wandered
afield.
Chancing to see a
violet, he paused and
rhapsodized thereon.
"O, flowerlet low!"
he sang.
The violet interrupted
him impatiently.
"Huh!" it sneered;
"I guess you were
born since last Win-
ter."—Truth.

SEVEN out of every
ten railroad accidents
are settled with an an-
nual pass. Some men
would be run over by
a whole freight train
for the sake of a few
free rides.
—*Texas Siftings.*

Angostura Bitters re-
stores the appetite and
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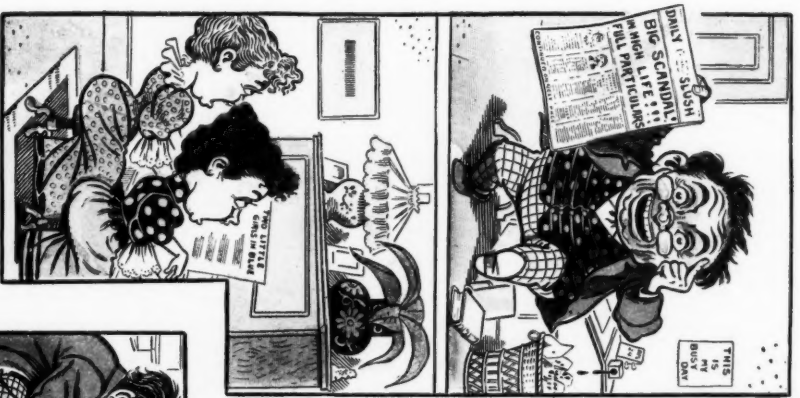
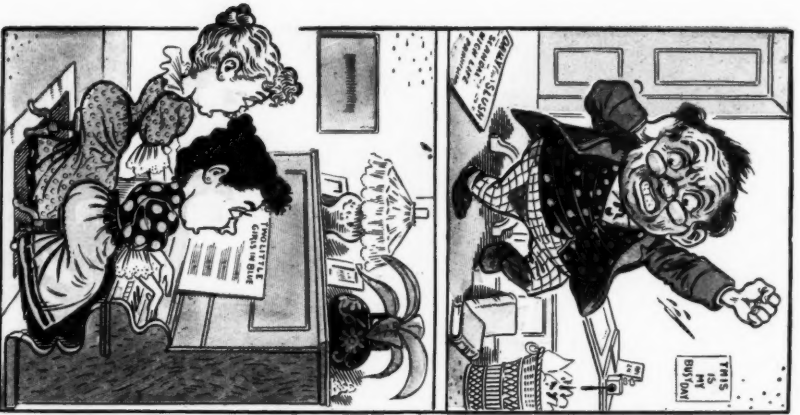
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